



KATE CLYDE

Explains Why Homely Girls Are Better Liked Than Pretty Girls She Casually Also Drops a Few Hints on Dress

I WAS asking a very wise friend of mine recently why it was that the ugly girls were inevitably the most interesting ones to talk to, while the pretty girls hardly ever had a word to say for themselves—and anyway nothing bright or interesting. Is it possible, I said, that nature is so parsimonious that she gives only one gift at a time?



"No," returned she; "it is because a girl who knows she is pretty makes the fatal mistake of thinking that is sufficient. She spends her time choosing frills and posing before a mirror, while the homely girl, who is humbly conscious of her defects, makes some effort to be attractive in society. Consequently she stores up all the bright little sayings and interesting jokes she hears and is ready to make herself a

for confided to me: "not these little schoolgirl lambs trying to masquerade in tigresses' clothing, to paraphrase an old saying. It would be funny if it were not so silly. When I talk to a girl I want a girl—a fresh, unspoiled young creature, not a youthful pessimist filled with platitudes. But it's pretty hard to find them nowadays."

A Girl Who Was a Girl.

I was visiting some friends at a Long Island resort last week, and among the crowd of overdressed women and girls there came a young thing, not any too pretty or graceful, but dressed in a simple white muslin gown, delightfully crisp and fresh—just such a dress as our mothers used to wear. "Who is she?" I heard the wealthy clubman at my left ask his neighbor. "Introduce me. At last I see a young girl who is not ashamed of being a young girl!"

And while I am on the subject of sweet simplicity I want to tell you this about dress—if you want to be really smart this summer you will wear wash things as much as possible and pack away your elaborate silk and lace gowns. In the day time, of course, if you are at a fashionable resort, you will wear ankle-length white linen shirt waist suits with perhaps a suspicion of linen embroidery, but if you go driv-

rooms in warm weather—furnished with wicker chairs, little low tables and the tea things so dear to the heart of woman.

The "Atmosphere" of the Home.

But after all what a difference it makes whether the mistress of the house has an artistic disposition! The minute I cross the threshold I can tell the character of the feminine owner. Some houses, for instance, are prim and mean and cold, with few or no cushions, and those only for ornaments, and furniture which irritates you by its angles. Other houses are the opposite—doors and windows wide open, cushions tossed around, corners undusted, a general air of "if you don't like things, twist them around to suit yourself!" Then there is yet another type of house, very newly and very brightly furnished with that particular aggressiveness which characterizes the new rich, and all very new things in fact, and its opposite in the way of a house, the one which is furnished from top to bottom with heirlooms and is filled with the musty aroma of the past.

Give me the house furnished in no particular style of any queen or king, but large, airy and comfortable, filled with chairs meant to be sat upon, cushions meant to be leaned against, books worth reading and pictures which mean something, the whole glorified by various warmly shaded tints. Such a house need not be expensive either in these days of artistic cruetones and pretty, low priced tapestries. It only requires taste and sympathy; that's all.

Kate Clyde
New York.

MONUMENT TO SACAJEWEA.

Sacajewea, the Indian woman, is to be commemorated among the other statues at the Lewis and Clark Centennial exposition, if the women of Oregon and neighboring states are able to carry out their plan. Sacajewea was a Shoshone Indian, the wife of a half-breed French interpreter. She conceived a great friendship for the explorers, and at a time when they stood face to face with failure because of a lack of horses, she pacified the Shoshones, obtained ponies for them and smoothed their way through the hostile tribes of the Flatheads and the Nez Percés. She was of important serv-

Mme. Curie, DISCOVERER OF RADIVM

JUST outside of Paris lives a quiet, domestic woman who looks well to the ways of her household. She does not shine in society. She never yet dazzled anybody with the splendor of her gowns, never made another woman envious of them. She has said that the one thing in which she takes pride is her good housekeeping. A Polish woman by birth, she married a French professor in the School of Physics and Industrial Chemistry at Paris and went to live with him. His name is Professor Curie. He is an enthusiastic student of chemistry.



Mme. Curie.

His wife also is an enthusiast in chemistry. In the off spells of her housekeeping and child minding she has experimented in her laboratory at home. Not having to dazzle anybody socially, and both herself and her husband being from choice very simple in their style of living, Mme. Curie, the woman chemist who loved scientific research as she loved life itself, had considerable time to experiment.

An odd taste, wasn't it, that a woman should prefer studying and experimenting in a chemical laboratory to concocting new costumes which she could not always afford and shining in society? But so it was. She was of the race of new woman, born perhaps a little before her time, like the first human child of the anthropoid ape, to show what is coming.

Mme. Curie and her husband appear to be "soul mates." If there is any such thing. They worked together, one supplementing the other in the experi-

A thought struck her, a chain of mental lightning flashed through her brain. It made her eye kindle, her cheeks flush, her heart beat quickly. In brief, if the pitchblende compounds exhibited the strange quality, even after the uranium had been separated from them, then were there not other elements in the pitchblende that possessed the same property of throwing off the powerfully penetrating streams of infinitesimal particles? A woman does not possess real reasoning power, of course. Oh, no! But in some way, all out of her own head, Mme. Curie arrived at the conclusion that such must be the case.

She began a series of experiments on the refuse or slag of pitchblende after the uranium salts had been extracted, so as to make sure of what seemed to her a probability. Day after day, in

the off spells of housekeeping and looking after her little daughter, she wrought with solvent and crucible. At last, enraptured, she found a new element which gave off the wonderful rays. Because of her native land—Poland—she named it polonium. And still the slag or byproduct of pitchblende, after the uranium and polonium had been extracted, gave off other chemical rays. There must be still some other substance, Mme. Curie concluded in her female mind which is incapable of reasoning. Yet other experiments and radium itself, that marvelous thing—the God of this universe knows what it is—was discovered by Mme. Curie.

The fame of it rang through the world and—Mme. Curie's husband got the credit of it!

Mme. Curie must have smiled to herself when she read the reports of papers written by learned scientists and produced before learned societies, narrating how Professor Curie had succeeded in extracting the wonderful new element radium, when she herself had sent to Bohemia for tons of pitchblende and experimented till she found radium. She did not say much, it seems, but took the precaution to make a contract for the purchase of all the pitchblende byproduct from the place where the mineral is obtained. This Professor and Mme. Curie have a monopoly at present of radium production. The woman who prides herself on her good household management proved herself also a financier.

By and by it began to be said that Professor Curie's wife had assisted in the experiments resulting in the discovery of the new substance. Then the scientists and newspaper men mentioned Professor Curie and his wife in writing of radium. Now they say "Mme. Curie and her husband," although she investigated quite independently.

All the world has read of the marvelous, mysterious properties of radium and all the world is more interested in the personality of the lady who discovered it than in any other woman living. Not much is noised abroad of her. Like all really great scientific persons she is extremely quiet and modest, this woman who, it has been said, is "so great you can only stand and contemplate her in silence. You have no word to speak."

She lives in a cottage near Paris with her husband and little daughter. It is of a woman—clear eyed, gentle and sincere with a head that looks as if it might hold one of the superlatives of the ages, with its noble size, harmonious configuration and delicate brow. It is a face and head before which a man would instinctively take off his hat. Let her sex rejoice that the twentieth century has produced

a woman who will rank as one of the era makers in chemistry.

"She is the greatest woman living—one of the greatest that ever lived," I heard a gentleman say yesterday.

But with their feeling of exultation American women may regret a little that the first great woman chemist was not an American, that, with all our advantages and opportunity, there is not a woman scientist of the first rank in the whole United States.

In the picture of Mme. Curie that I have seen, her little daughter sits upon her knee, a child a few years old, with a large head and full brow and thoughtful, earnest face, like her mother. Mme. Curie's head is very fully developed in the upper part of the forehead, high and square, the kind phrenologists call the logical head.

Sir William Crookes said in an address recently that the investigations of twentieth century physicists might reach the point where matter is resolvable into pure energy. Mme. Curie's discovery is the longest leap yet made toward that goal.

LILLIAN GRAY.

TWO REMARKABLE NECKLACES.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and the Duchess of Abercorn are the fortunate possessors of two remarkable necklaces. That owned by Mme. Bernhardt is a gorgeous gold necklace composed of a string of nuggets presented to her by

Girls and Their Mothers

A GIRL is a queer creature. The day she tucks up at the back of her head the long braid of hair which hitherto through her childhood she has been wearing down her back, that day she begins to look on her mother as an old woman. The girl may be as awkward and crude as many young misses are at fifteen and even seventeen, loose jointed, unfurnished and skinny, sometimes also even hollow chested and stoop shouldered. The mother at forty may be in the full prime of mature womanly health and beauty, far handsomer than the crude, undeveloped daughter of sixteen. Nevertheless, the girl thinks her mother ought to slide into the background and let the girl be "it" henceforth.

The mother would be a great fool who would consent to be shunted off the track by her green, calf-head daughter of sixteen or eighteen. I know a young lady of forty who has a mother of sixty. The mother is lively, very active and has a bright, attractive face framed in wavy gray hair. To tell you a secret, she is really handsomer than her daughter, even at sixty. She is an intelligent, intellectual woman, quite up to date, warmly interested in all new woman movements. She likes society and likes to look pretty quite as well as she ever did. Why shouldn't she? Heaven help the woman of any age who does not wish to present a pleasing appearance! This mother of sixty was getting a new hat. She "russed" considerably trying to get one that was becoming, which was a credit to her. But the daughter, the young lady of forty, exclaimed impatiently: "Mother, what do you care how you look, at your age?"

It was a brutal remark and it wounded the old-young mother to the soul. But she was kinder than her daughter and did not remind me that a girl of forty is herself not exactly a spring chicken.

This old-young mother is the type of perhaps a million women. They feel in their bones and in their hearts as young as they ever did. They know that science and sanitation are prolonging youth and shoving off old age farther and farther. They would rather die than give up active interest in life, yet their daughters, neighbors—even their doctors—are doing their utmost to bury these spry, healthy dames thirty years before they are actually dead.

The mother of the young lady of forty confided to me a grievance against her doctor. She met with an accident some time ago and broke a rib. A surgeon set it, she was careful of herself, she wanted to recover quickly and very soon she was as good as new. The physician congratulated her. "At your age your bones are brittle and do not heal so quickly."

Brittle bones! And madam had recovered from the hurt more rapidly than many persons half her age could have done. Yet another grievance madam had. She was attacked with a slight indigestion and went to the same doctor for a prescription. Anybody may have an indigestion, but this doctor said, first thing: "At your age you must expect to have stomach trouble."

The lady never returned to that physician and never will do so. "If I must have my age flung in my teeth every time I need a physician I'll never call another one," she declares. And indeed physicians are to blame.



COLLARLESS GOWN OF BLUE SICILIENNE WITH ECRU BANDINGS.

social benefactor by filling up trying breaks in the conversation and talking to those men who are naturally slow witted or reticent. A girl who has the cleverness to adopt this course will always find herself in demand and very often will become more popular than the really pretty girl."

What Men Admire.

From my experience with men I should say that the qualities they admire most in girls are good nature and she wants the best seat on the coach.



the ability to say bright things in an original manner. Men do admire thoroughly nice, unselfish girls. The girl who holds herself in a high state of importance, who wants the best seat on the coach, the most comfortable armchair, the most attention in every way, is not apt to be admired for long. One of the most desirable men I know was won by the unselfish behavior of a girl who denied herself at the last moment the pleasure of a ride in order that another girl might go.

But girls don't always appreciate this. They think—especially the younger ones—that a delightfully wicked and blasé air is what will interest their admirers: simplicity, wholesomeness and all that sort of thing they look down upon with scorn. In their dress they try as much as possible to ape the rather loud young matron, and they do their best to be as sporty, as epigrammatic and as "clever" as she. I use the word clever in its most unpleasant and designing sense.

It's all a tremendous mistake and it drives the eligible men more and more to the married women. "I'll tell you what, if I have to have sophisticated conversation and sophisticated ways, I'm going to have the real thing," one rather blunt old bachelor said.

ing or calling you will not adopt a fussy, overtrussed and consequently hot looking gown. No, that is not smart. Slip on a cool little dress of pounce or embroidered batiste with a hat of coarse straw trimmed with a feather. In the evening, too, you will find dainty gowns of sheer muslin, of mull or flowered organdie far preferable to pailletted effects and silk toilets.

The great thing in summer is to keep fresh and cool looking, and the woman who succeeds in doing this scores an undoubted success. A well laundered linen gown is worth a dozen silk ones returned with lace which shows the effects of country dust.

Landscape Gardening.

I noticed with pleasure the other day when I was down at Larchmont the trim hedges which surrounded many of the lawns. Some one has accused us of becoming English, but here is an English custom which we do well to adopt. How much more artistic are these beautifully clipped and watered boundary lines of green than the typically American, but alas aggressive, picket fence, or even the stone wall. We are certainly learning from the other side of the Atlantic the art of landscape gardening. We have learned the beauty of the horse chestnut tree and we have used it to line our avenues in imitation of Paris; we have borrowed from the English their beautifully clipped lawns and their borders and hedges of box. From the English also we have taken much that is good in house building—the broad, airy hall, with their hard wood floors; the entrance living room and the great fireplaces. But there is one thing we can give them: our wide breeze swept verandas which in some houses are veritable living



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COSTUME OF CIEL LINEN WITH APPLIQUES OF BATISTE EMBROIDERY.

ice to them, in many ways during the winter spent at the mouth of the Columbia, and acted as their guide on the return trip. It was said of her that she seemed to have the instinct of the homing pigeon in threading the pathless wilderness. Her services were gratefully acknowledged by Lewis and Clark, yet no mention is made by them as to when she died and where she was laid. An association has been formed to raise funds for a memorial for this brave and intelligent Indian woman, and it is proposed to erect a statue costing \$5,000.

ACTRESSES' LUCKY JEWELS.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the favorite actress, never enters a theater without wearing her "lucky turquoise." The jewels are uncut, but beautiful, and form a very long necklace—so long, in fact, that if she has to wear an evening dress with which the turquoise does not go well she can hide them without any trouble below the dress.

Miss Ellen Terry's lucky stone is a large diamond, which she always carries somewhere on her person. Miss Janotha, the pianist, has a ring which she invariably kisses before beginning to play in public. An opal is Mrs. Langtry's lucky stone, and a cat's eye ring is Mrs. Brown Potter's.

ments they were able to make in their spare time—he from his college lecturing, she from her family and housekeeping. The name of Curie became known among those making original research in chemistry. But, being a man, the husband got the credit for it. The home keeping wife was only known as a sort of assistant, his head bottle washer, as it were.

A hundred and fourteen years ago the metal uranium was discovered. It was found in considerable quantity in the mineral pitchblende in Bohemia. In 1896 Professor Henri Becquerel discovered that salts of uranium emitted an "invisible radiation," that is to say, possessed what chemists call radioactivity. This is the property of constantly throwing off streams of infinitesimal particles that travel with inconceivable velocity. There was no doubt of the existence of these rays, for they went through metals and other solid bodies and produced images upon a photographic plate.

Mme. Curie was naturally interested in the radio activity of the salts of uranium and made experiments on her own account. She took pitchblende and separated its various chemical components. She found that some of these compounds exhibited radio activity in a more marked degree than even the extracted salts of uranium did.

WHITE VOILE GOWN WITH TUCKINGS AND INSERTION.

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BATHING SUIT OF BROWN SICILIENNE WITH ECRU TRIMMINGS

the miners of California. The famous actress wears this unique piece of jewelry with all her red costumes.

The other necklace, treasured by the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, is even more interesting. It is made up of a chain of thirteen tiny lockets, each containing a portrait of one of her children in infancy. The late duke presented them to her singly on the occasion of each birth.

Put four teaspoonfuls of good tea into a china or earthenware pot and pour upon it a quart and a pint of boiling water. Let this stand for fifteen minutes; stir with a silver spoon, strain the liquid into a glass or china pitcher and set in a cool place until wanted. Half fill tumblers with cracked ice, put two lumps of sugar and a slice of lemon on this and fill the glasses with the cold tea.

A very evident part of their mission is to brace their patients' minds up and fill them with courage and cheerfulness. The more they can do this the longer they will have their patients to experiment on and the more confidence the sufferer will have in the doctor. "The wise physician never says 'to an elderly person,' 'at your age,' 'But daughters are the most unkind and thoughtless of all. A healthy woman of fifty has more strength and far more endurance than the average girl of eighteen, yet the girl of eighteen looks on such a woman as antiquated and tries to make her feel as if she were in her decrepitude. The thoughtful, really loving daughter never does this. She will help her mother to keep young so long as she lives, will take pride and pleasure in having that beloved mother always strong, active, comely and up to date in dress."

JANE MORSE.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

At the University of Breslau Miss Johanna Grube has won the second prize of the philosophical faculty for an essay on "Psycho Physical Parallelism."

Whenever she visits her native country—Denmark—the dowager empress of Russia has some Danish black eye bread served to her every day. She has a great liking for this bread, which forms part of the rations of the Danish soldier.

the direction of gardeners employed by public spirited ladies, children that would otherwise be upon the streets in mischievous tiny flower and vegetable beds in which they take great pride and pleasure.

In arranging floral vases remember almost every flower looks better with a long stalk than a short one, and it must be remembered that flowers are required when the stalks are long.

Woman's sphere is what each individual woman makes it for herself, regardless of prejudice or conventionality.

The stick purse is the latest addition to the fashionable woman's toilet. Miss Alice Roosevelt started the fad for her fondness for carrying a cane, and the purse addition came soon afterward.

There is a cowardice of silence which refuses to defend an absent friend who is being maligned. There is a cowardice of speech which assents to what is only half believed.

A polite Chinaman considers it a breach of etiquette to wear spectacles in company.

Ex-Governor Adams of Colorado says: "Sufrage has not in any degree lessened the refinement of the women of Colorado. It has not caused public disturbances and has not resulted in abandoned homes and neglected children."

Don't rub the face with too coarse a towel.

Several society belles of Newport who started the fad of wearing their hair